WAR AND FIGHTING MEN

FRONTLINE COMBAT

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC EC

No. 15
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WAR AND FIGHTING MEN

SO WHAT? SO YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE

E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!

FOR AN *INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP*, FILL OUT THE *COUPON* AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH *25¢*. IF *FIVE* OR *MORE* OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN *AUTHORIZED CHAPTER*, ENCLOSE *EACH MEMBER'S* NAME AND ADDRESS, ALONG WITH *25¢* FOR *EACH NAME*, AND INDICATE THE *NAME* OF THE *ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT*. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS *CHAPTER NUMBER*. *EVERY* MEMBER, *CHAPTER* OR *INDIVIDUAL*, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT *DIRECTLY*... BY RETURN MAIL.

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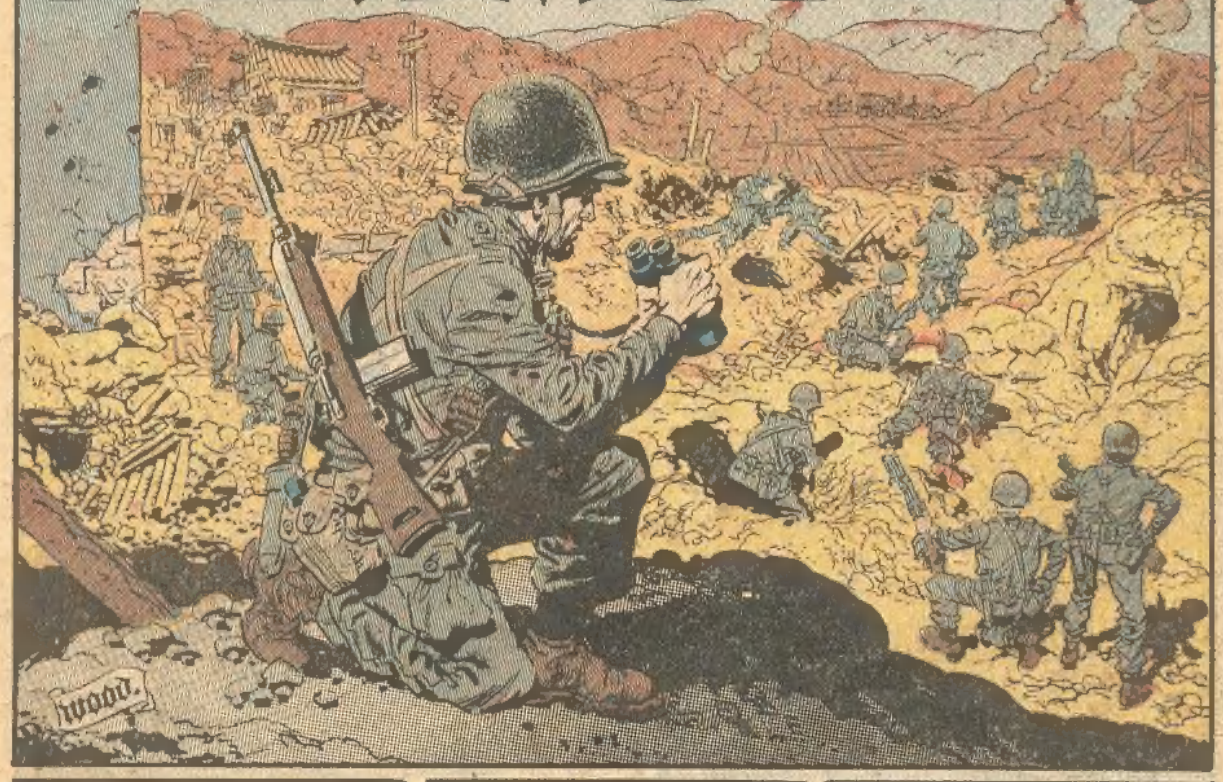
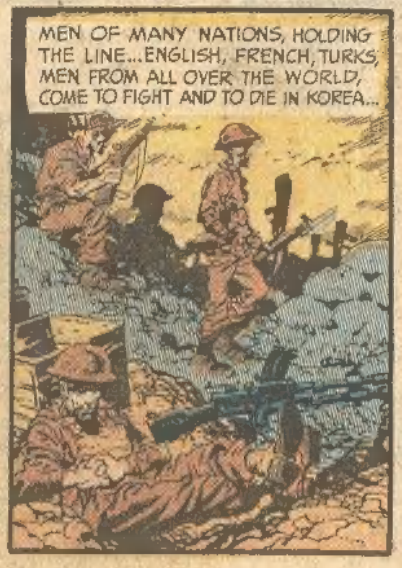
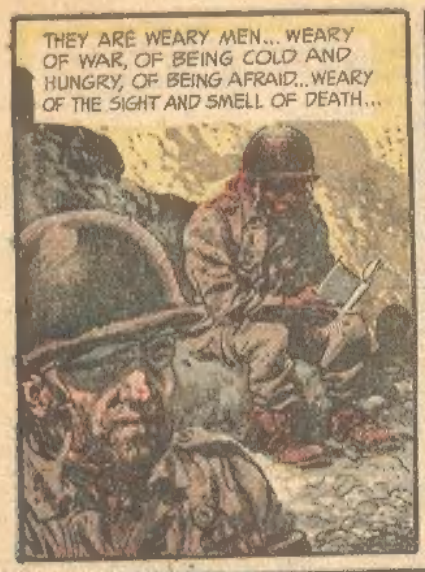
IT IS A SUNNY DAY IN KOREA. THE SOUNDS OF WAR ARE DISTANT NOW... THE MUFFLED THUNDER OF ARTILLERY, THE WHISTLING OF A FAST JET GOING OVER, CARRYING WAR TO THE ENEMY...AND DOWN ON THE STEAMING EARTH A HANDFUL OF TIRED MEN CRAWL OUT OF THEIR HOLES ON THE...

PERIMETER!






THEY ARE WEARY MEN... WEARY OF WAR, OF BEING COLD AND HUNGRY, OF BEING AFRAID... WEARY OF THE SIGHT AND SMELL OF DEATH...

I'M SICK, I TELL YA! I SHOULDA BEEN SENT BACK MONTHS AGO! HEY, TEX, WHEN D'YA THINK I'LL GET SENT BACK?
EVERYBODY'S SICK, MILLER! I'M SICK OF YOU WHINING. WHAT YOU SICK OF?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'M SICK OF! I'M SICK OF KOREA! WHAT WE DOIN' HERE? WHY ARE WE FIGHTIN' THESE GOOKS...
THEY'RE KOREANS, MILLER, KOREANS!

AAH YA BOTHER ME, MATTHEWS! GO READ YER BIBLE!
I'LL BOTHER YOU! IF HAN AND HIS ROKS HEARD YOU, WHAT WOULD THEY THINK...
KNOCK IT OFF, YOU SOLDIERS! SAVE IT FOR THE ENEMY!

@%:!# NOTHIN' BUT TROUBLE IN MIXED OUTFITS...
YEAH — YOU'D TRADE ALLA US FOR ONE SQUAD OF REBS, HUH, SARGE?

LOOK — YOU'RE A SOUTHERNER! YOU HATE 'EM TOO! WHAT Y' SO SORE AT ME ABOUT? I ONLY SAID...
LET'S GO, BOY! LET'S GET UP ON THE LINE!

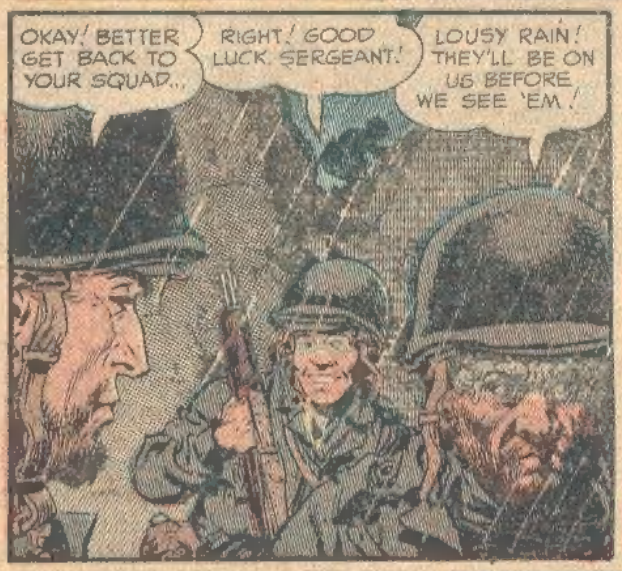
OH, FOR TH' LUVVA PETE! RAIN! WE AIN'T GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE!
NYAH!... THE SERGEANT DON'T SAY NOTHING, BUT I KNOW WHAT HE THINKS ABOUT THEM %&*@#! ...LOOK AT THAT MATTHEWS ...READING A BIBLE!

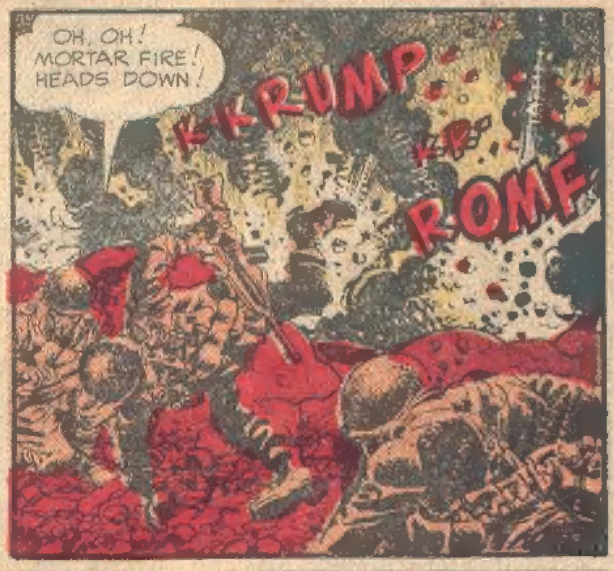
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW! NO REINFORCEMENTS, NO SUPPLIES, AND NOW NO AIR SUPPORT!
LISTEN! YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

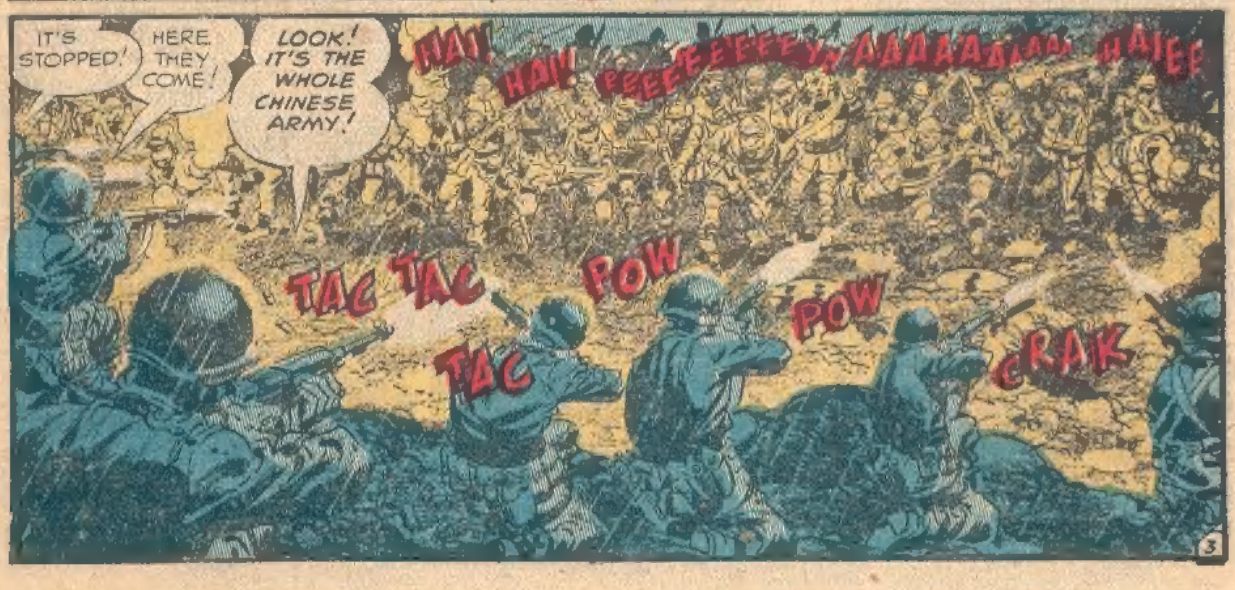
THEY'RE MOVIN', ALL RIGHT – HEAR 'EM? WHAT THEY YELLING ABOUT?
MATTHEWS! GET YOUR NOSE OUT OF THAT BOOK! GO GIT HAN! SEE IF HE C'N MAKE OUT WHAT THEY'RE SAYING...

YOU MEN! WHEN THEY CHARGE, WATCH THE AMMO! DON'T WASTE A ROUND!
HOLD THE LINE, BUT DON'T WASTE A ROUND! WHY? WHY WE DOIN' IT? WHY ARE WE HERE?

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO SHUT UP! HAN, YOU HEAR WHAT THEY'RE YELLING?
NO, SERGEANT! THAT'S CHINESE, BUT IT'S TROUBLE! HEAR THOSE BUGLES?


OKAY! BETTER GET BACK TO YOUR SQUAD...
RIGHT! GOOD LUCK, SERGEANT!
LOUSY RAIN! THEY'LL BE ON US BEFORE WE SEE 'EM!


OH, OH! MORTAR FIRE! HEADS DOWN!
KRUMP
ROMF


IT'S STOPPED!
HERE THEY COME!
LOOK! IT'S THE WHOLE CHINESE ARMY!
HAH!
HAH!
TAC TAC
TAC
POW
POW
CRAK

POW
KPOW

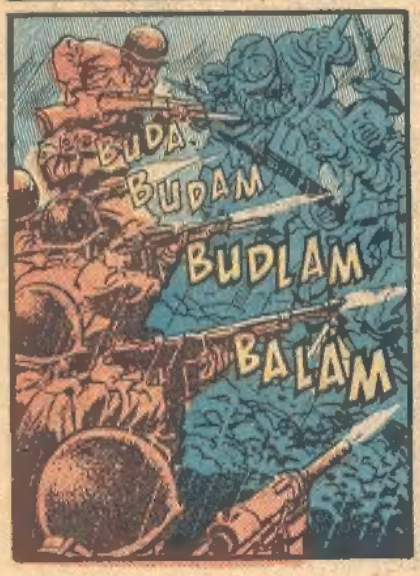
PFAM!
KPAM!

KR-
RUP!

BA-LAM
BA-DOM!

KA
PAM
KPAM!

CRACK!


BUDA
BUDAM
BUDLAM
BALAM

THERE THEY GO! WE BEAT 'EM OFF!
THEY'LL BE BACK! WAIT TILL DARK!
THEY BROKE THROUGH THE ROK LINES!
POW

LOOK! THERE'S SOMEBODY CRAWLING OVER!
DON'T SHOOT! IT'S A ROK!

SERGEANT! THEY WIPED 'EM OUT... KILLED THE WOUNDED!
HOW ABOUT HAN? THEY GET HIM TOO?

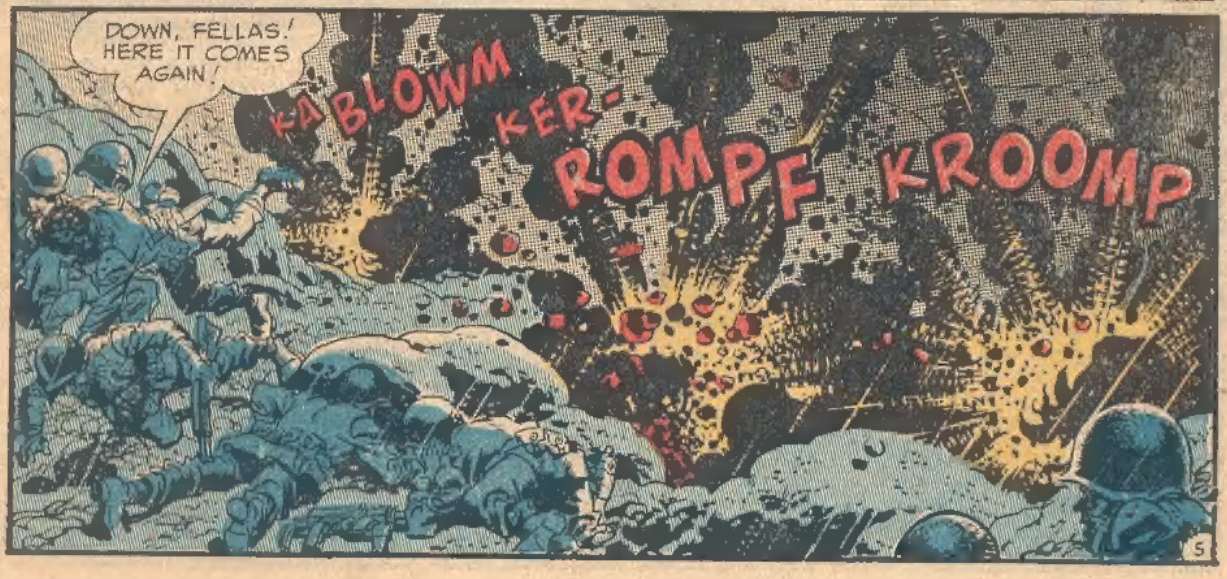
HE WAS WOUNDED. I SAW IT! HE WAS LYING THERE AND A CHINESE SPRAYED HIM WITH A BURP GUN!
HEAR THAT, YOU MEN? DON'T GET ANY IDEAS ABOUT GIVIN' UP! THEY'RE NOT TAKING PRISONERS!

SERGEANT, MILLER IS CRACKING UP! HE'S HYSTERICAL...
IT'S GETTING DARK! THEY'LL FINISH US THIS TIME --? SOB? WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE HERE!

RELAX, MILLER! IT'S GONNA BE ALL RIGHT, FELLA!
YEAH? THEN HOW COME YOU'RE ALWAYS READING THAT BIBLE? YOU KNOW WE'RE GONNA DIE!

THAT'S ENOUGH, SOLDIER! MATT'S BOOK TELLS HIM WHY WE'RE HERE!
YEAH? AND DOES HIS BOOK TELL HIM YOU'LL ACCEPT HIM IF WE GET BACK? DOES IT TELL HIM HE...

ALL RIGHT! AT EASE, MILLER!
*#@☆⊙ REBEL GETS THREE STRIPES AND HE THINKS HE'S A GENERAL!
WHAT WAS THAT, MILLER?

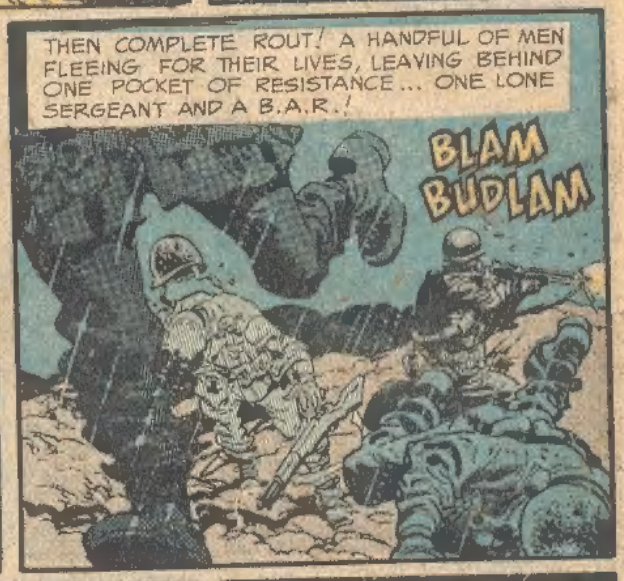

DOWN, FELLAS! HERE IT COMES AGAIN!
KA BLOWM
KER-
ROMPF
KROOMP

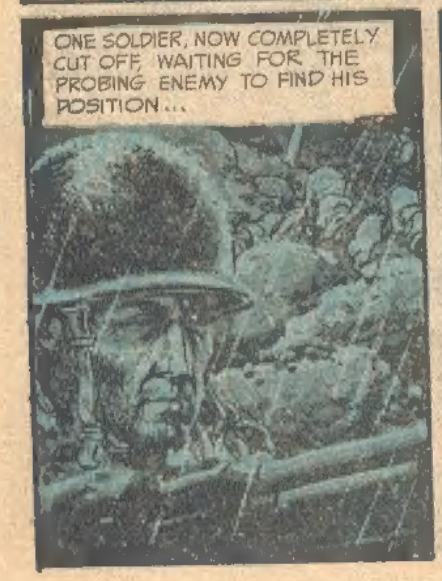
THE TIRED MEN DIVE FOR COVER AGAIN AS THE EARTH ERUPTS ABOUT THEM UNDER THE FURY OF THE MORTAR BOMBARDMENT..
KRUMF

A MAN IS HIT! HIS SCREAM OF PAIN IS DROWNED OUT BY THE SOUND OF THE BURSTING SHELL...
BOOM

AS SUDDENLY AS IT BEGAN, THE BARRAGE ENDS, AND THE MEN PREPARE DESPERATELY TO FACE THE ENEMY ASSAULT...

THIS TIME, HOWEVER, THE PRESSURE IS TOO GREAT! THE LINE WAVERS...THEN BREAKS! A FEW MEN MAN THE GUNS AS THE OTHERS RETREAT...


THEN COMPLETE ROUT! A HANDFUL OF MEN FLEEING FOR THEIR LIVES, LEAVING BEHIND ONE POCKET OF RESISTANCE... ONE LONE SERGEANT AND A B.A.R.!
BLAM BUDLAM


ONE SOLDIER, NOW COMPLETELY CUT OFF, WAITING FOR THE PROBING ENEMY TO FIND HIS POSITION...

ALL AROUND HIM ARE THE SOUNDS OF THE ENEMY, AND BEFORE HIM ANOTHER SOUND... THE SOUND OF A MAN IN PAIN!

A MAN CRYING OUT FOR HELP... CRYING OUT... IN ENGLISH! TEX QUIETLY MOVES OUT TOWARD THE SOUND...

WHERE ARE YOU, SOLDIER? ...AH! GIMME YOUR HAND!
...LEAVE ME... I'M DONE...

DON'T TALK FOOLISH! LE'S GO, NOW! I GOT TO GET YOU BACK!
...DONE... HERE... SEND THIS... MY FOLKS...

I'LL GET YOU BACK, SOLDIER!... BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP!... CAN'T SEE A THING IN THE DARK HERE!

AND THEN TEX AND HIS BURDEN ARE SPOTTED! HE COVERS THE LAST FEW FEET TO HIS POSITION IN ONE DESPERATE LUNGE...
TAC TAC
KPOW
KPOW

ALL THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT TEX HOLDS HIS POSITION! TIME AFTER TIME, PARTIES OF CHINESE AND NORTH KOREANS FIND HIM...
BDOM
BDOM

AND TIME AFTER TIME THEY ARE REPULSED! THEY COME IN SUDDENLY... SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY... FROM ALL SIDES...
BLOM
BA-DOM!

FOR A TIME HIS MURDEROUS FIRE HOLDS THEM OFF! FIRST HE EXHAUSTS THE AMMO OF THE B.A.R....THEN OF HIS CARBINE...
BR-RUP!

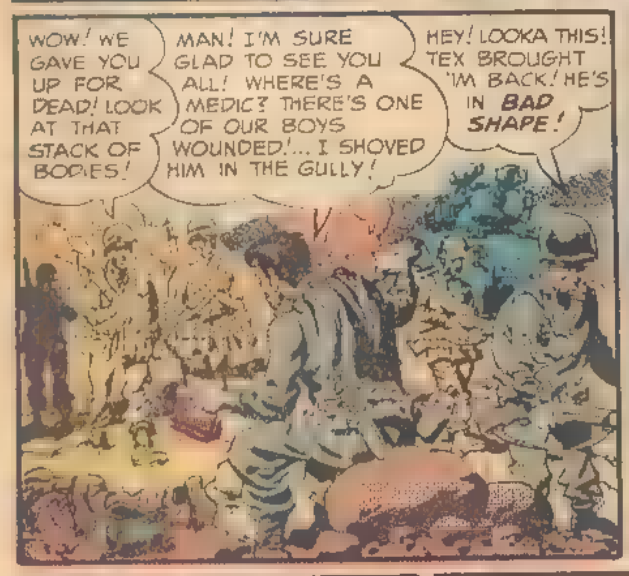
...AND FINALLY THE FIGHTING BECOMES HAND-TO-HAND! BUT BY NOW THE GLOW OF DAWN TOUCHES THE SKY TO THE EAST...

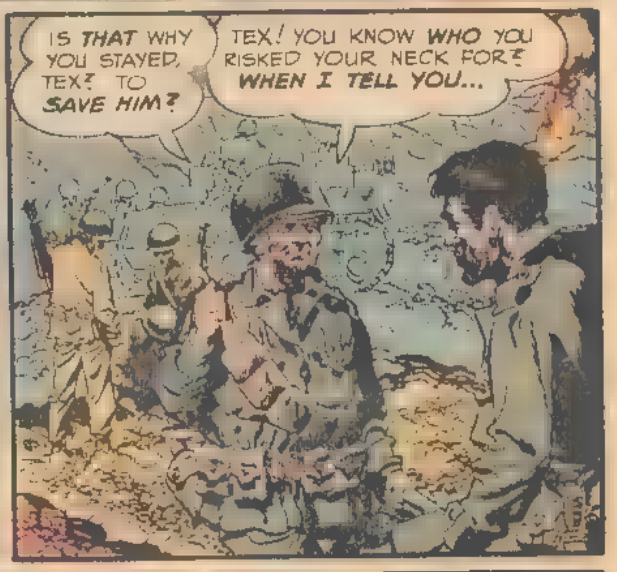
AND THE NEW DAY DAWNS BRIGHT AND CLEAR. TEX GREETS THE SUN, AND HE KNOWS THAT IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT...

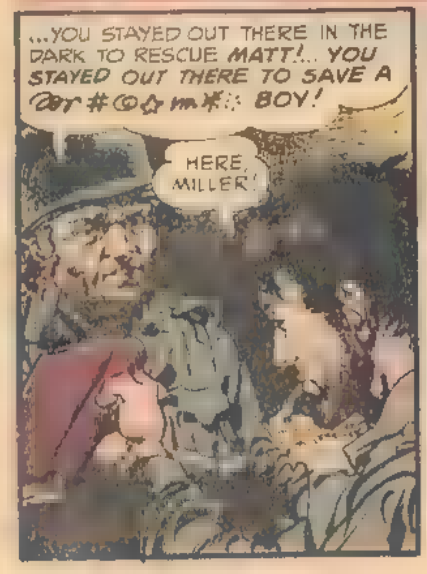
FOR THIS IS A DAY FOR THE PLANES TO FLY... AND ALREADY THEY ARE WINGING OVERHEAD WITH THEIR CARGOES OF DEATH..

THIS IS A GOOD DAY FOR THE ARTILLERY... THEIR OBSERVERS ARE ALREADY DIRECTING FIRE ON ENEMY CONCENTRATIONS...

AND TEX KNOWS THE INFANTRY WILL NOT BE FAR BEHIND... HE KNOWS THAT HE HAS WON!


WOW! WE GAVE YOU UP FOR DEAD! LOOK AT THAT STACK OF BODIES!
MAN! I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU ALL! WHERE'S A MEDIC? THERE'S ONE OF OUR BOYS WOUNDED!... I SHOVED HIM IN THE GULLY!
HEY! LOOKA THIS! TEX BROUGHT 'IM BACK! HE'S IN BAD SHAPE!


IS THAT WHY YOU STAYED, TEX? TO SAVE HIM?
TEX! YOU KNOW WHO YOU RISKED YOUR NECK FOR? WHEN I TELL YOU...


...YOU STAYED OUT THERE IN THE DARK TO RESCUE MATT!... YOU STAYED OUT THERE TO SAVE A BOY!
HERE, MILLER!

...YOU NEED THAT MORE'N ANYONE ELSE AROUND HERE!
HUH?

A BIBLE?
Have we not all one father
Hath not one God created us
Property of J. Matthews
Holy Bible

FROM BUGLE BOY TO MAJOR! FROM GUARDHOUSE TO THE VICTORIA CROSS! THE PATH... A METEOR JOURNEY THROUGH THE BLAZING SKIES OF FRANCE. SALUTE, ACES, FOR THAT'S THE SAGA OF MAJOR JIMMY... JAMES THOMAS BYFORD...

McCUDDEN!

HE HAD BEGUN AS A BUGLE BOY IN THE ENGINEERS... BUT THE SKY WAS HIS DREAM, AND IN MAY, 1913, JIMMY TRANSFERRED TO THE R.F.C....

HE WAS GOING TO BE A MECHANIC. THE LINE SERGEANT BELIEVED IN STARTING MECHANICS RIGHT. IF YOU'RE GOING TO FIX ENGINES, YOU HAVE TO KNOW HOW TO START THEM...

JIMMY SPENT ALL MORNING GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS OF STARTING AN AIRCRAFT ENGINE! HARD WORK!...

BUT HE KEPT AT IT... OVER AND OVER AND OVER... UNTIL MESS CALL CAME AT LAST...

AFTER LUNCH HE WAS RIGHT BACK TO IT, BECAUSE THE SERGEANT STILL HADN'T HOLLERED QUIT...

BUT WHILE JIMMY WAS AWAY, SOME PLAYFUL SOUL HAD OPENED THE SWITCH! WHEN HE PULLED IT THROUGH, THE WELL-PRIMED ENGINE CAUGHT!...

FRANTICALLY HE THREW HIMSELF FLAT! THE OLD BLERIOT JUMPED HER BLOCKS... ROLLED OVER HIM WITH A FIENDISH ROAR...

THERE WAS A BRIGHT NEW FARMAN STANDING ON THE LINE. OLD LADY BLERIOT TOOK THE OBVIOUS COURSE!

A GOOD SERGEANT IS SELDOM AT A LOSS FOR WORDS BUT *THIS* ONE WAS! HE JUST BECKONED!

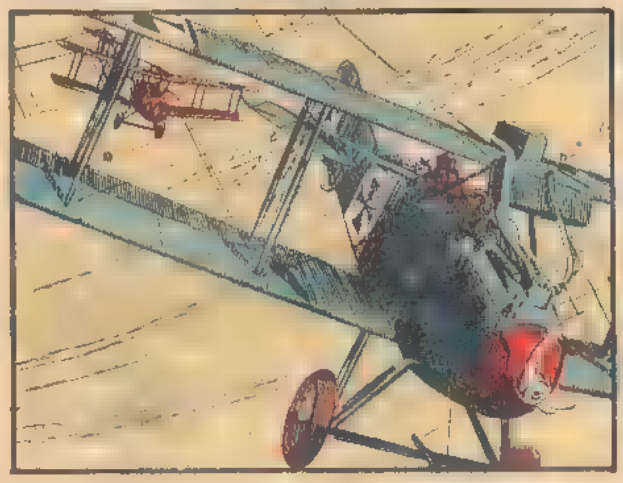
JIMMY'S FIRST 'AWARD' WAS A 7-DAY STRETCH IN THE JUG... A JEER-IN SALUTE BY HIS MATES...

AUGUST, 1914... ***WAR!*** JIMMY WAS AN OBSERVER NOW. HE FLEW WHEN ALL ONE COULD DO WAS ***WAVE*** TO THE BOCHE...

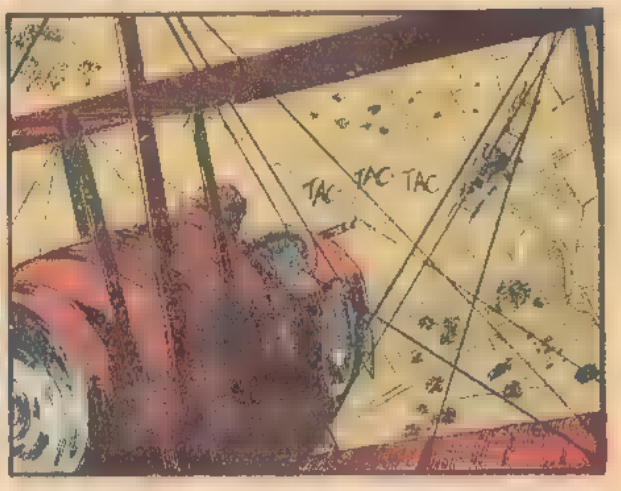
WHEN MACHINE GUNS CAME INTO USE, HE FOUGHT THREE AIR DUELS TO A DRAW WITH THE GREAT ***IMMELMAN!***

HIS SKILL AND COURAGE WON HIM PILOT-TRAINING, AND SOON HE WAS PUSHING AN OLD F.E. IN THE THICK OF THE AIR WAR.

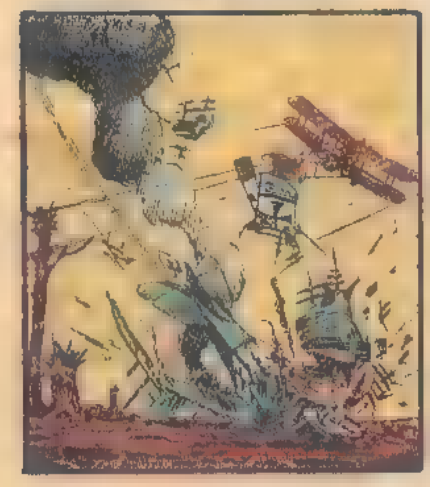
THEN IN AUGUST, 1916, HE MADE SCOUTS... AND HIS FIERY STAR BEGAN TO SOAR. VICTORY NO. 1 CAME ■ LESS THAN A MONTH... A JERRY 2-SEATER THAT FLED LIKE A SQUAWKING HEN...



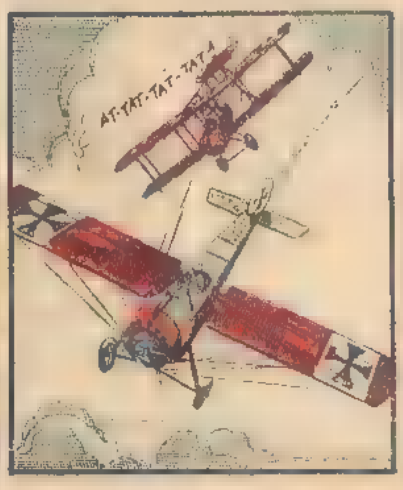
McCUDDEN PLUNGED AFTER IT... COULDN'T CLOSE IN ON THE HEAVIER MACHINE. IN ANGRY DESPERATION, HE OPENED UP AT LONG RANGE...



TWO RACKETING DRUMS... THE LAST ONE GOING FAST! SUDDENLY THE GERMAN REELED... SPUN... ***CRASHED!***

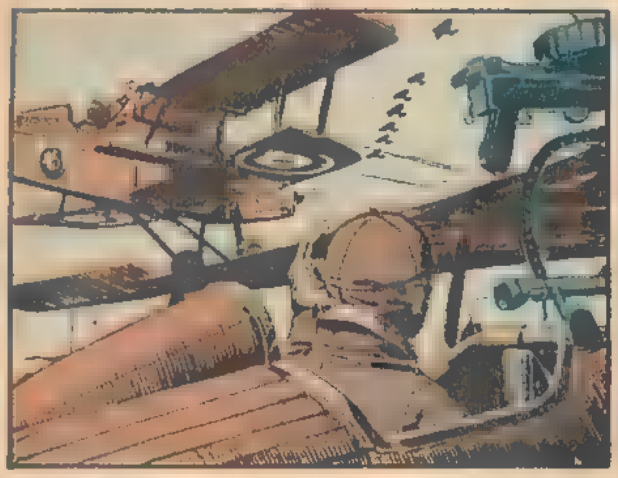


EIGHT DAYS LATER, HE CAUGHT A FOKKER 'ZERSTOERER' AND BLASTED IT OUT OF CONTROL FOR VICTORY NUMBER TWO!

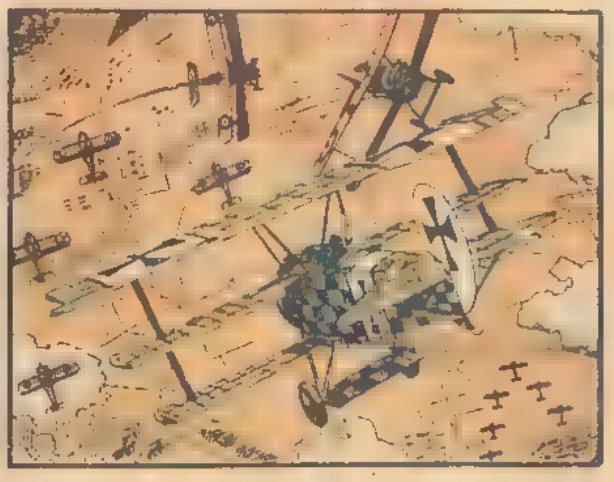


THE MARCH TO GLORY WAS ON, SOON HE HAD WON THE D.S.O., A CAPTAINCY, AND FLIGHT-LEADERSHIP WITH FAMOUS 56 SQ.

ON OFFENSIVE PATROL OVER POEL CAPPELLE SEPTEMBER 21 1917, HE SHARED ONE OF THE WARS MOST FAMOUS FIGHTS HIS FLIGHTS FLUSHED A PATROL OF ALBATROSSES AND FOKKER TRIPES



ITS LEADER A GREEN-CHECKED TRIPE WHEELED IN SPANDAUS RACKING. THE OTHERS HELD BACK. McCUDDEN AND LT. RHYS-DAVID LEAPED TO ENGAGE IT...

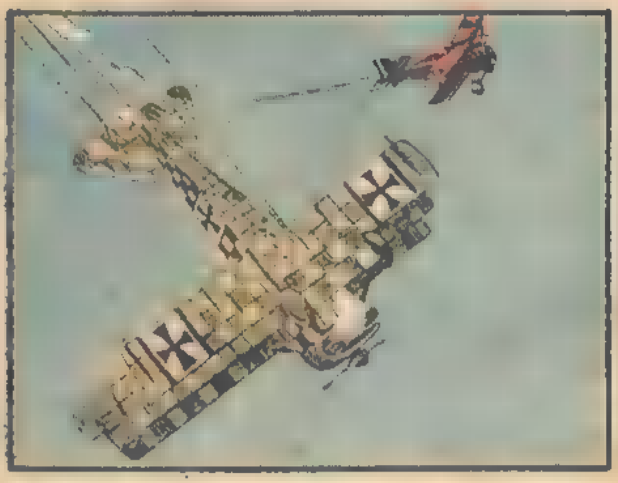


IT HOOKED AROUND AS ONLY A TRIPE COULD, AND FOR A MOMENT DEATH CRACKLED ABOUT McCUDDEN'S EARS...

IN THAT MOMENT RHYS-DAVID GOT ON THE CHECKERED TRIPES TAIL, AND TOGETHER THEY WHIRLED ABOUT THE SKY...

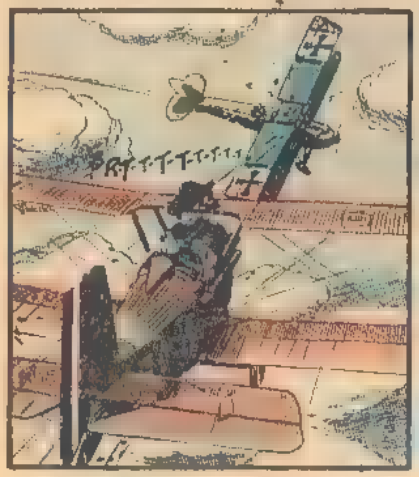
ONE RED-NOSED ALBATROSS SLANTED FOR A SHOT AT RHYS-DAVID. McCUDDEN POUNCED SAVAGELY... DESTROYED IT!...

THEN HE LED HIS 'HIGH-HATS' IN A SAVAGE AIR GUARD, WHILE RHYS-DAVID, IN A FURIOUS TEN-MINUTE DOG-FIGHT, KILLED ONE OF GERMANY'S GREATEST ACES... ***WERNER VOSS!***

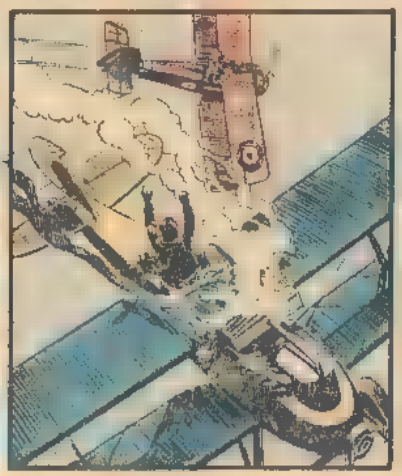


HE WAS CITED IN ORDERS AGAIN AND AGAIN. HE WON A BAR FOR HIS D.S.O.... RECOGNITION FOR 'AT ALL TIMES PROTECTING OTHERS IN HIS FLIGHTS...'

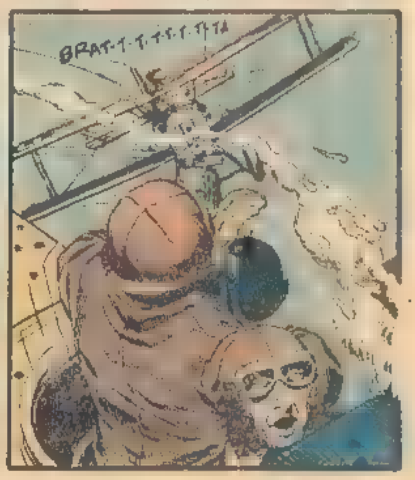
THOUGH ALREADY FAMOUS, HE WAS ONLY BEGINNING TO MOVE! TAKE DEC. 24, 1917. HE CAUGHT AN L.V.G. OVER ANGUILCOURT...



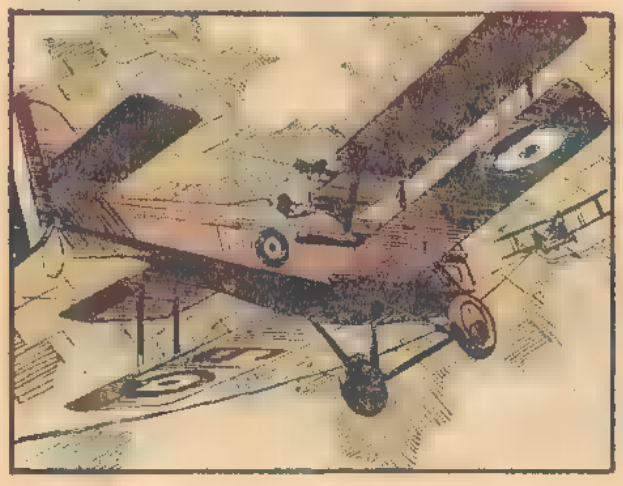
HIS OPENING BURST SHATTERED HER COOLING SYSTEM! BELCHING STEAM, SHE STARTED DOWN! HE WANTED IT WHOLE...



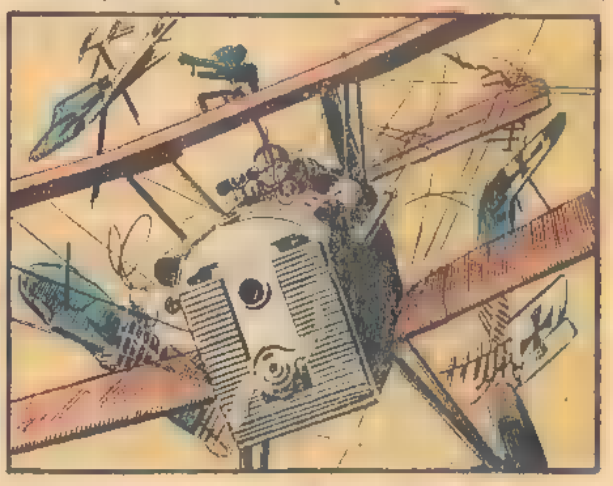
SHE SEEMED TO HAVE QUIT...THEN AS HE SWEPT IN CLOSE, THE OBSERVER WHIRLED AND OPENED UP. FURIOUS, McCUDDEN SHOT IT DOWN!



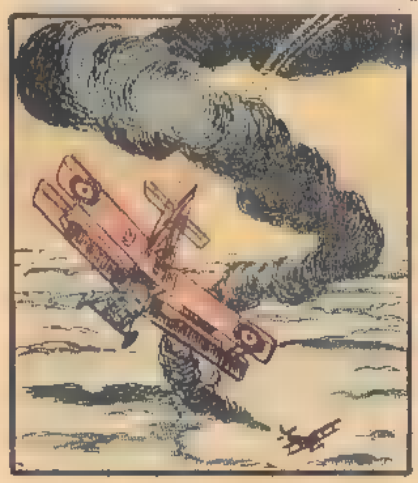
BACK AT 18,000, HE SPOTTED A RUMPLER CAMERA-SHIP. IT DIVED IN FRANTIC ALARM, BUT AN S.E.5 WAS FAST AND TOUGH, AND HE STAYED RIGHT WITH IT, GUNS SAWING...



TWO MILES DOWN THE YAWNING SKY THEY HOWLED, AND THEN McCUDDEN'S BULLETS SCORED! HER WINGS SHATTERED, THE DEBRIS, ALMOST WRECKING HIM AS HE HAMMERED ON THROUGH!



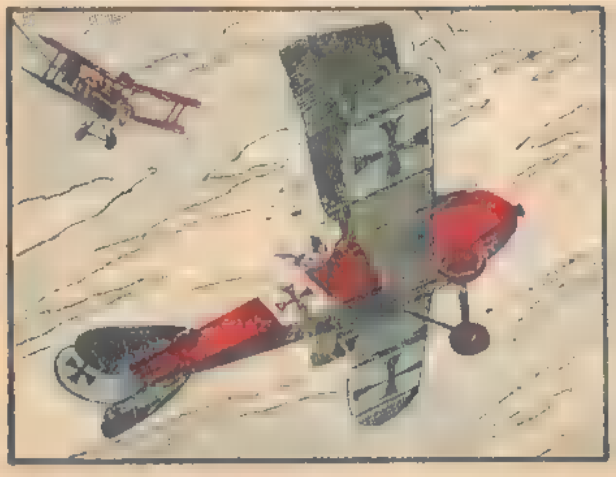
TWO DOWN...AND 17,000 FEET OVER GONZACOURT, HE GOT A THIRD...AN L.V.G. IN A BULL'S RUSH. THEN HE HAD TO GO HOME FOR FUEL AND AMMO...



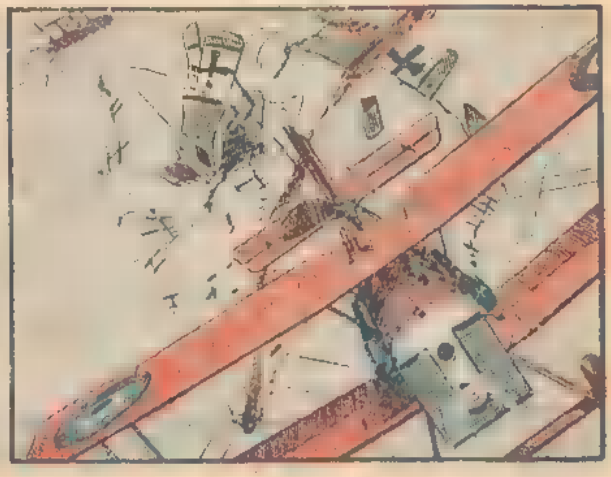
UP AGAIN, HE CAUGHT ANOTHER L.V.G. OVER FRESCAULT...ONE CRACKLING BURST FINISHED IT. HIS FOURTH IN A DAY! ***THE 'HAT TRICK'!***

HE WON THE MILITARY CROSS. THE NEWSPAPERS DOTED ON HIM. HIS EXPLOITS WERE RETOLD EVERYWHERE...

NOW THAT HE KNEW THE HAT TRICK, HE PULLED IT AGAIN JUST FIVE DAYS LATER! AT A FREEZING 16,000 FEET OVER VELU WOOD, HE CAUGHT A COCKY RUMPLER...



THE OBSERVER SPOTTED HIM...POUNDED OUT A PARA-BELLUM GREETING! BUT McCUDDEN'S SLUGS SHATTERED HER WINGS, AND THE FUSELAGE SMOKED A LONELY ROCKET-TRAIL TO ETERNITY!

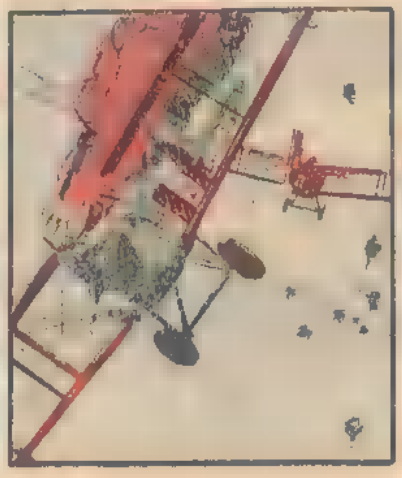


STILL PROWLING THE ROOF, HE FOUND ANOTHER HIGH-FLYING RUMP OVER FLERS. A HEADLONG RUSH, GUNS RACKETING, AND THE RUMPLER SPUN AWAY. DOOMED. NUMBER TWO!

AT 16,000 AGAIN, HE CAUGHT AN L.V.G. ABOVE HAVRICOURT. ALERT, IT FLED IN A LONG FAST DIVE! HE COULDN'T CLOSE IN, AND HUN ACK-ACK FLAYED HIM WITH A HAIL OF SHRAPNEL...

BUT HE WAS THE KIND WHO NEVER QUIT. HE RODE ON THROUGH, POUNDING IT AT LONG RANGE. AT 9,000 IT BLEW INTO FIERY SPLINTERS!

NO.4 WAS ANOTHER L.V.G! McCUDDEN'S VICKERS JAMMED, BUT THE LEWIS WAS ENOUGH. SPEWING SMOKE AND STEAM SHE FELL.



THUS McCUDDEN SCORED 58 VICTORIES...TOPS AT THE TIME!...AND HIS COUNTRY BROUGHT HIM HOME FOR YET ANOTHER AWARD...THE V.C.!

THE ***VICTORIA CROSS!*** BRITAIN'S HIGHEST HONOR! BUT EVEN MORE, THE KING...***THE KING OF ENGLAND*** ...SHOOK HIS HAND AND ***THANKED*** HIM!

HE WAS A NATIONAL IDOL NOW... THEIR ***GREATEST ACE.*** HE WAS SENT ON TOUR TO RALLY HIS COUNTRYMEN TO THEIR GREATEST EFFORT...

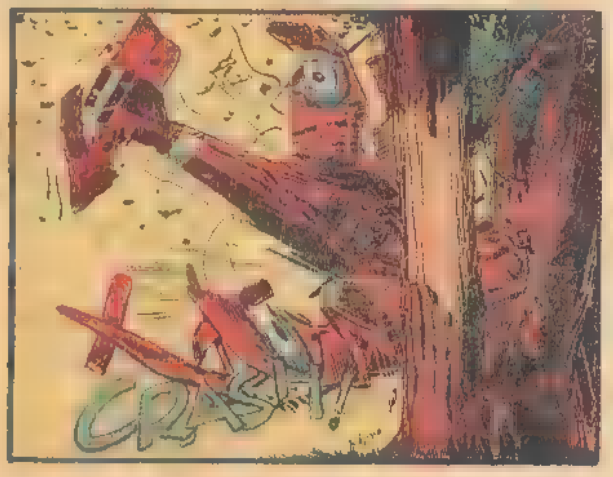
BUT FLYING WAS HIS BUSINESS. HE WAS GLAD WHEN ORDERS CAME THROUGH RETURNING HIM TO THE FIGHTING FRONT.

HE GOT A BRAND NEW S.E 5A...THE ***VERY LATEST***... TO FLY BACK TO FRANCE! EN ROUTE, HIS ENGINE BEGAN TO ACT UP!

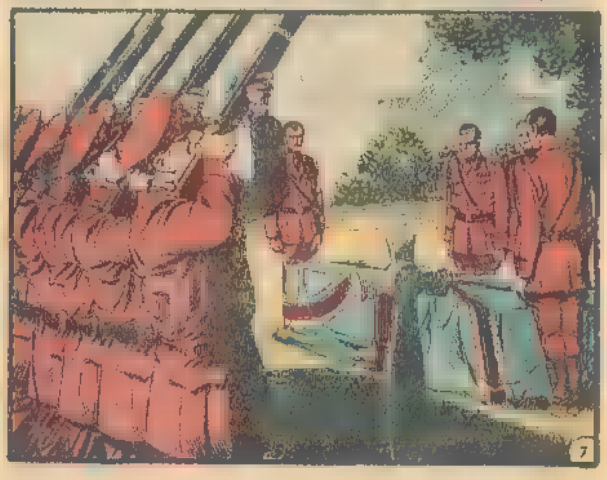
HE LANDED IN A FARMER'S FIELD... A GOOD LANDING! THEN, BECAUSE HE WAS A MECHANIC, TOO, HE MADE EMERGENCY REPAIRS.

WHEN HE TRIED IT, THE ENGINE RAN FINE! SATISFIED, HE FED IT GAS. THE S.E. PICKED UP SPEED...LIFTED... SUDDENLY COUGHED!

POWER FAILING! TREES HURTLING UPON HIM LIKE A RUSHING GREEN FLOOD! DESPERATELY HE TRIED TO TURN BACK! HE DIDN'T MAKE IT. HE DIDN'T ***QUITE*** MAKE IT...



SHOCKED AND UNBELIEVING, HIS COUNTRY GAVE JAMES THOMAS BYFORD McCUDDEN HIS LAST EARTHLY AWARD... JULY 9, 1918. THE GLORY ROAD HAD ENDED!



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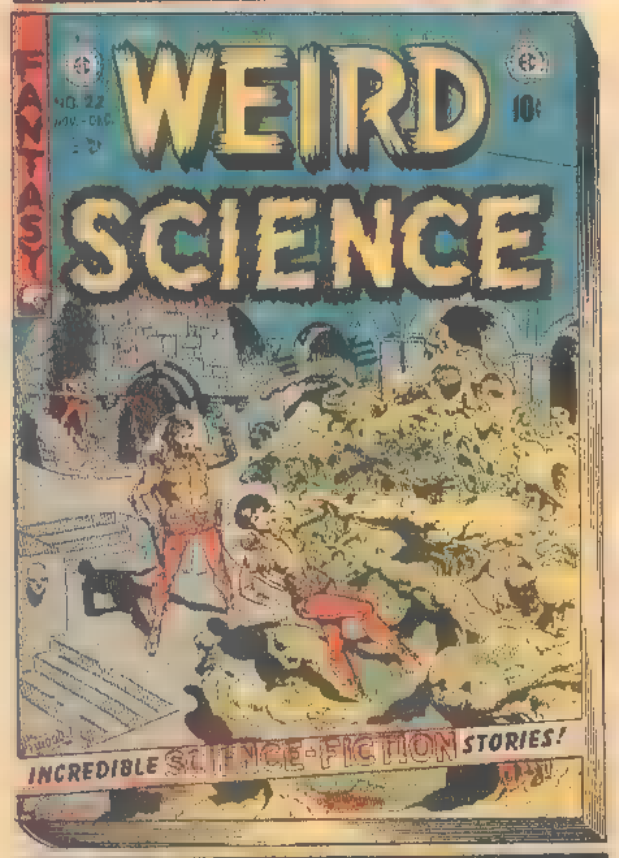

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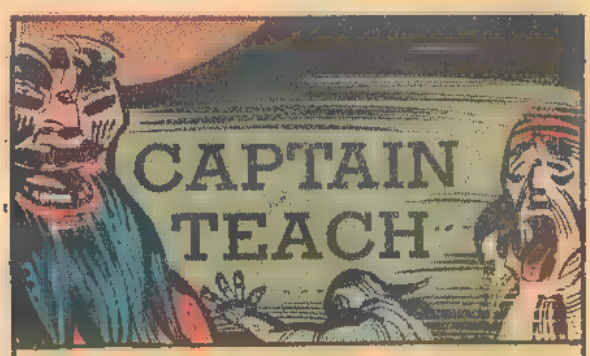

Captain Teach, better known as Blackbeard the Pirate, was one of the strangest characters to sail the seven seas. Why did he go in for the elaborate make-up; the enormous three-pronged beard (so like that of Admiral von Tirpitz in cut!) braided at the ends and tied with red ribbon; the heavy, gold earrings; the slouch hat, ornamented with a row of slow matches stuck under the brim and projecting over his face; the bandoleer with five pistols stuck in it and the belt with the frieze of knives all the way round? I maintain that he went in for them because it was an almost physical necessity of existence. They gave him the ferocious appearance which was so valuable in his business. The pirates of his day were a lot of hard cases; like the racketeers of our own time they imagined a soft-spoken leader must be a weakling. Captain Vane and Stede Bonnet, two of the most successful and intelligent pirate leaders, were deposed and marooned by their crews simply for lack of the proper "pirate quality."

Blackbeard was a more satisfactory ideal. He claimed to be the only son of the Devil, and encouraged the idea by ordering his crew below from time to time, shutting down all the hatches and lighting fires of brimstone at various places in the hold of the ship. The first man to break out of the sulphurous reek was degraded to the post of scullion, and Blackbeard himself was always the last to leave the stinking ship. He was also in the habit of inviting members of his gang to dine with him, and, at least once in the course of a meal, of drawing two of the pistols from his bandoleer and firing them off under the table, with resultant damage to the collection of feet found there.

Now Blackbeard was either an extremely intelligent man or one of those intuitive geniuses who do the right thing by inspiration. The total result of all this foolishness was that he became the beau ideal of a pirate leader; up to the time Lieutenant Maynard brought him to book, his crew was constantly on the increase and he never once (unlike all other pirate captains) had a mutiny to deal with. In short, his eccentricity was just the right thing.

from "Some Naval Eccentrics"
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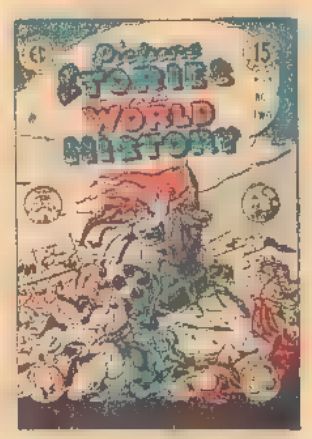

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FRONT LINES

It's more than unlikely . . . but just in case you HAVEN'T as yet heard the news, be advised that E.C. has formed a national fan organization. But before launching into the sordid details of the club, we would like to sketch in a little background. We started out with two conditions that positively *had* to be *met:*

1) *Our* club would have to be a *different kind* of fan club . . . a continuously active club that would provide long-range interest, enjoyment and benefits for its members! And . . .

2) *Our* club would have to be a *non-profit* fan club! Incredible as it may seem, the only income we at E.C. derive . . . or care to derive! . . . from our efforts comes from the *newsstand* sales of our 10c mags. We actually *lose a little on subscriptions*, and *make very little* on the *annuals* . . . both are primarily offered as *services* to promote good will! If you readers want a fan club, we're more than happy to oblige . . . but, again, as a *service, not* for *profit!*

So here's what we've come up with . . .

1) *THE NAME:* As one reader wrote a while back, "E.C. magazines are habit-forming." So what could be more logical than to call the organization, "THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB"?

2) *THE SET-UP:* The E.C. Fan-Addict Club will consist of the national "parent" organization, and local chapters. *Everyone* who joins will be a member of the *national* organization. In addition, *any group of five or more* prospective members may join as an *authorized chapter* of the national organization. Each such chapter will be assigned a charter number. The name and address of the elected president of each authorized chapter will be made available to all members, so that those who are not already a member of a chapter will be able to join the one nearest them if they wish to.

3) *WHAT YOU GET:* Each member will receive a full-color 7½ by 10½ membership certificate suitable for framing; a wallet-size membership identification card; a striking membership patch for sweaters, jackets, etc.; and a very distinguished-looking membership pin!

4) *COST OF JOINING:* Membership in THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB will set you back two bits . . . 25c! This 25c represents the exact cost *to us* (plus or minus a fraction of a cent!) of one *envelope*, one *stamp*, and the above mentioned four items . . . *certificate, card, patch,* and *pin!* (The cost of Ruby's and Nancy's loving labor in packing and mailing is lovingly donated by E.C.)

5) POSSIBLE FUTURE PLANS: We are considering publishing an E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB BULLETIN, containing such features as national and local chapter news; advance inside information on new titles, future stories, and special issues, etc.; articles and stories submitted by members; and a "back-issue trading post!" *Only club members* would be *eligible* to subscribe, *with the price and frequency of publication yet to be decided upon.*

We are also considering some sort of "E.C. Surprise-of-the-Month" plan for members. What the surprises might be, and what we might have to clip you for THIS one, is also as yet undetermined.

6) IF YOU'RE STILL INTERESTED: For an individual membership, send 25c, along with your clearly printed name and address, to:

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
Room 706
225 Lafayette Street
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

If *five* or *more* of you wish to join as an *authorized chapter*, enclose each member's name and address, along with 25c for each name, and indicate the name of the elected president. We will notify each *president* of his chapter's *charter number* . . . but each chapter *member* will receive his membership credentials, etc., *individually.*

So that's it! Meet new friends. Make new enemies. See the world. Spend money. Join THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!!!

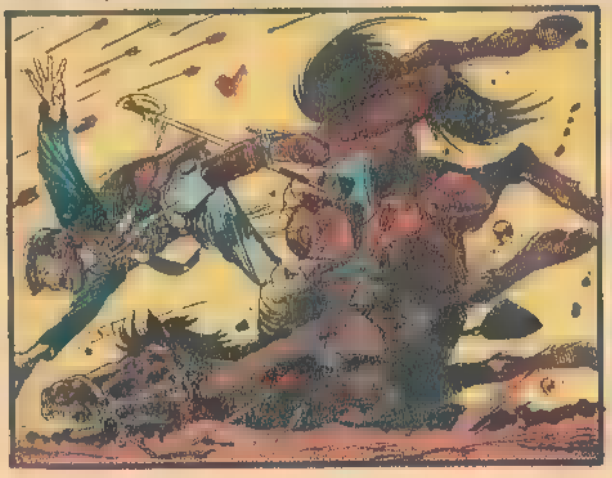
Finally, a note that might interest you readers. In this issue, all the stories have been WRITTEN as well as drawn by the ARTISTS. As suggested previously, we've been trying various schemes to take some of the work off the shoulders of "slowly-but-surely-recovering" writer-editor Harvey Kurtzman. We think you'll like the stories in this issue, and as always, we welcome your comments!—William M. Gaines, Managing Editor.

(In honor of the occasion . . . the announcement re the E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB . . . we will forego the usual subscription plug that 6 issues of this, or any other E.C. mag, cost 75c. —ed.)

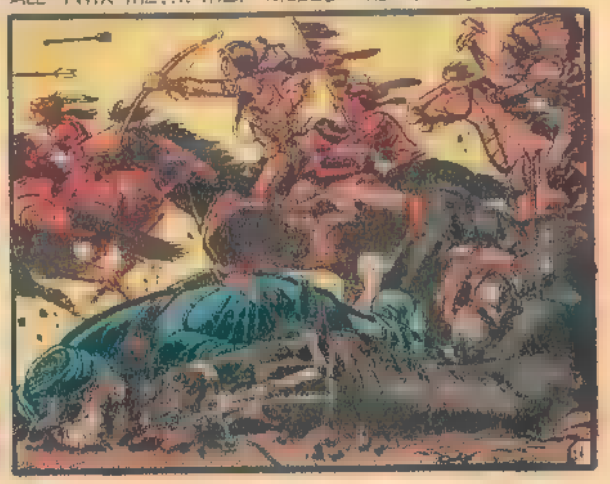
OL' COLONEL TOM CUSTER HAD US SCOUTIN' OUT ALONG THE ROSEBUD RIVER LOOKIN' FOR THEM MANGY SIOUX!... THEY WERE MOVIN' BACK INTO THE BLACK HILLS... 'CAUSE THEY KNEW WE'D KILL 'EM WITH ONE BIG BLOW!... THIS HERE'LL BE AN EASY CAMPAIGN! I LAUGH AT THE...

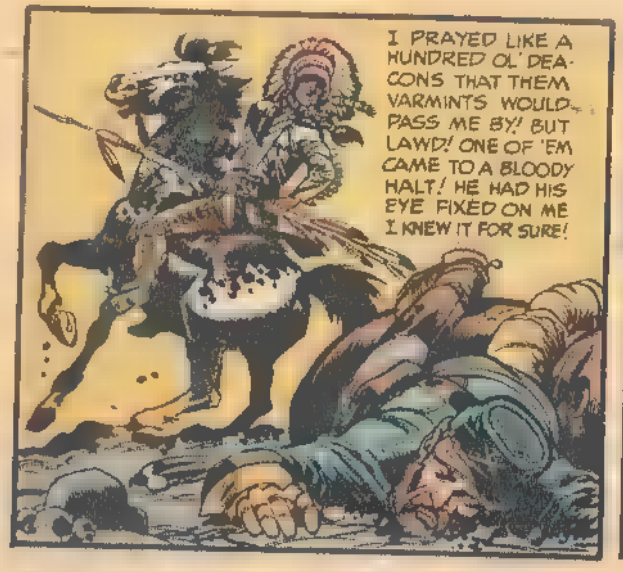
VENGEFUL SIOUX

... BUT ***LAW!*** DID I ***MISS-JEDGE!*** THEY CAME DOWN ON US LIKE RAIN! FIRST THING I KNEW, MY HOSS WENT OUT FROM UNDER ME. I HIT HARD!



... SO HARD MY BREATH LEFT ME!... GOOD THING TOO... 'CAUSE MAN, I SURE PLAYED DEAD! FEAR RAN ALL TWIX ME!... THEY KILLED THE REST!

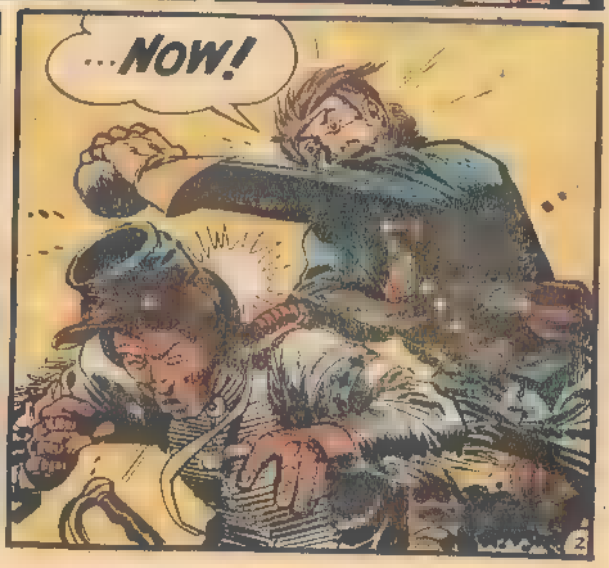


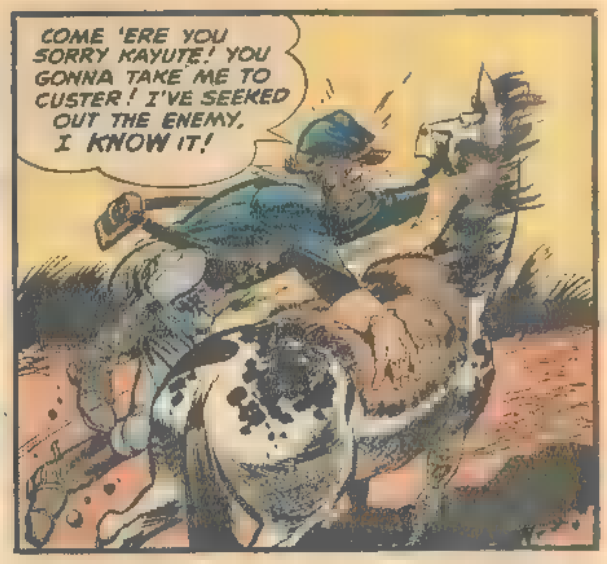


HE'S ROLLIN' ME OVER AN' LOOKIN' LIKE HE'D NEVER SEEN A U.S. CAVALRY SO'JER BEFORE!

SEEMS LIKE HE'S TAKIN' A LIKIN' TO MY OL' HAT! MAYBE HE'S TIRED O' THAT WAR BONNET!

THAT HAT HAS BEEN THROUGH THE CIVIL WAR WITH ME... AN' I SHO' HATES TO GIVE HER UP!

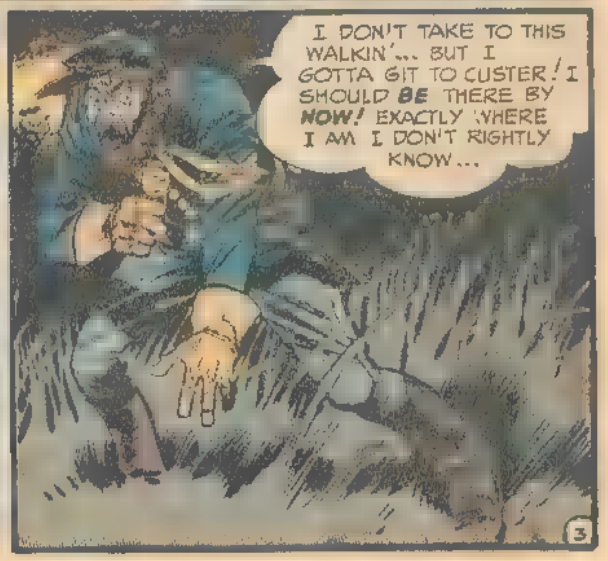


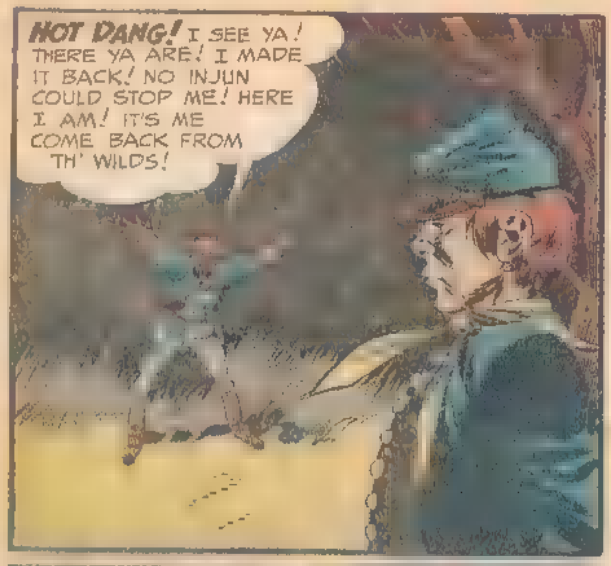


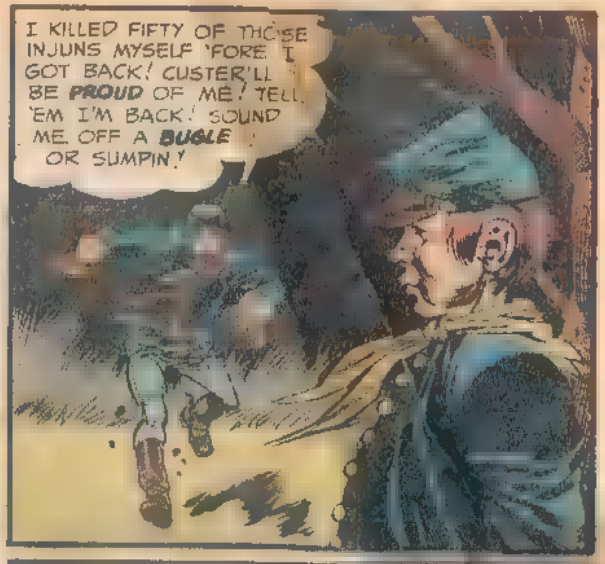
I STARTED OFF GOOD TOO! ...BEATIN' THAT PONY SO'S SHE FLEW LIKE THE WIND!

TOWARD NOON SHE SLOWED DOWN A BIT... BUT I GAVE IT TO 'ER... AN' WE RID ON!

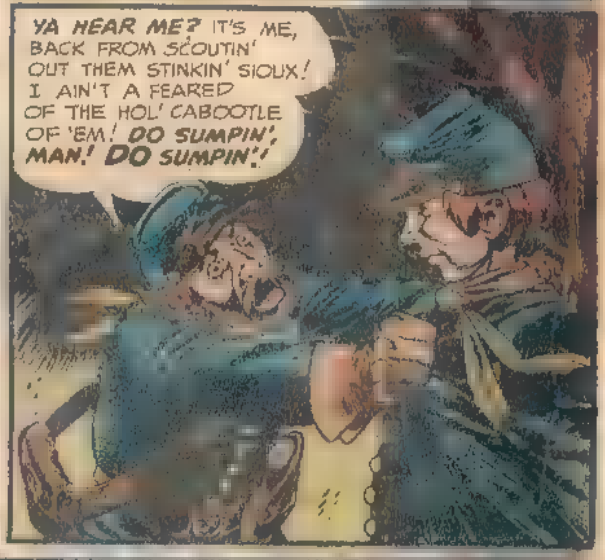
'BOUT DUSK, SHE QUIVERED AND PANTED HER LAST PACIN' BREATH!... SHE'D FAGGED OUT!



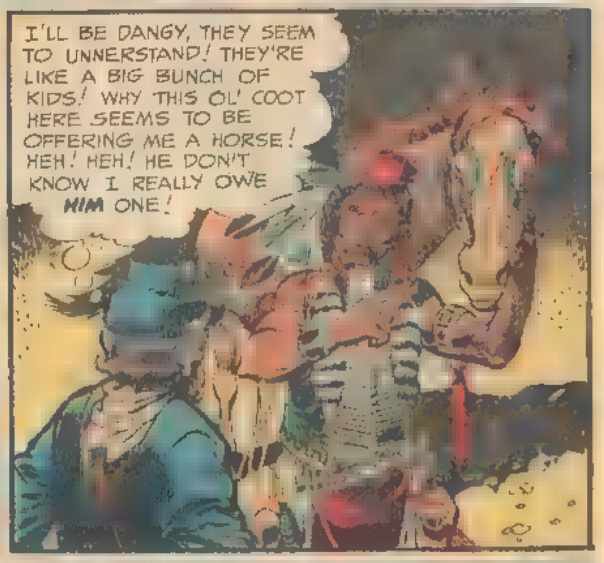

HOT DANG! I SEE YA! THERE YA ARE! I MADE IT BACK! NO INJUN COULD STOP ME! HERE I AM! IT'S ME COME BACK FROM TH' WILDS!


I KILLED FIFTY OF THOSE INJUNS MYSELF 'FORE I GOT BACK! CUSTER'LL BE PROUD OF ME! TELL 'EM I'M BACK! SOUND ME OFF A BUGLE OR SUMPIN!

I'VE FOUND WHERE THE ENEMY IS!... THEY SETTIN' LIKE DUCKS ALL UP ALONG THE LITTLE HORN!... WE'LL KILL 'EM ALL WITH ONE BIG BLOW! IT'S ME! I'VE COME BACK!

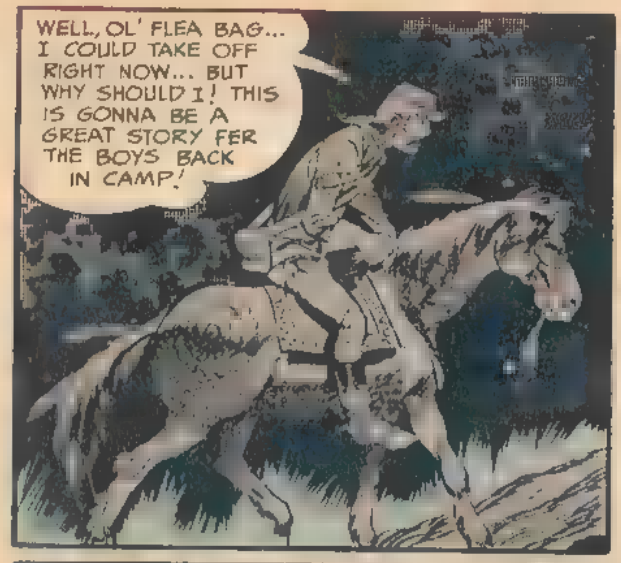

YA HEAR ME? IT'S ME, BACK FROM SCOUTIN' OUT THEM STINKIN' SIOUX! I AIN'T A FEARED OF THE HOL' CABOOTLE OF 'EM! DO SUMPIN', MAN! DO SUMPIN'!

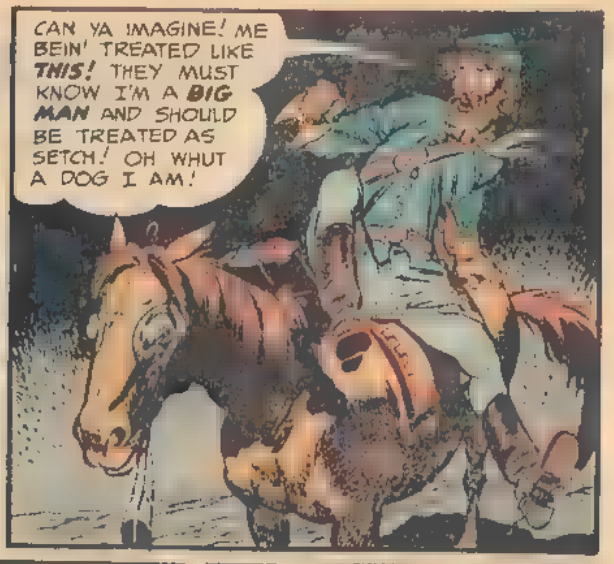
FRIENDS!
BLESS YO HEARTS! PEACE BROTHERS! I AIN'T NO FIGHTIN' MAN!... YOU INJUNS ARE MY BUZZUM FRENS! LET'S ALL BE NEIGHBORLY-LIKE! PEACE TO US ALL!


I'LL BE DANGY, THEY SEEM TO UNNERSTAND! THEY'RE LIKE A BIG BUNCH OF KIDS! WHY THIS OL' COOT HERE SEEMS TO BE OFFERING ME A HORSE! HEH! HEH! HE DON'T KNOW I REALLY OWE HIM ONE!

BY GEORGE! I THINK HE WANTS ME TO STAY OVER AN' REST UP ■ THAT OL' TEPEE UP YONDER!
THANKS, CHIEF!

SO LONG, YOU SUCKERS! I'LL BE BACK WITH COLONEL CUSTER AN' GIVE YOU ALL SOME HOT HOSPITALITY!


WELL, OL' FLEA BAG... I COULD TAKE OFF RIGHT NOW... BUT WHY SHOULD I! THIS IS GONNA BE A GREAT STORY FER THE BOYS BACK IN CAMP!


CAN YA IMAGINE! ME BEIN' TREATED LIKE THIS! THEY MUST KNOW I'M A BIG MAN AND SHOULD BE TREATED AS SETCH! OH WHUT A DOG I AM!

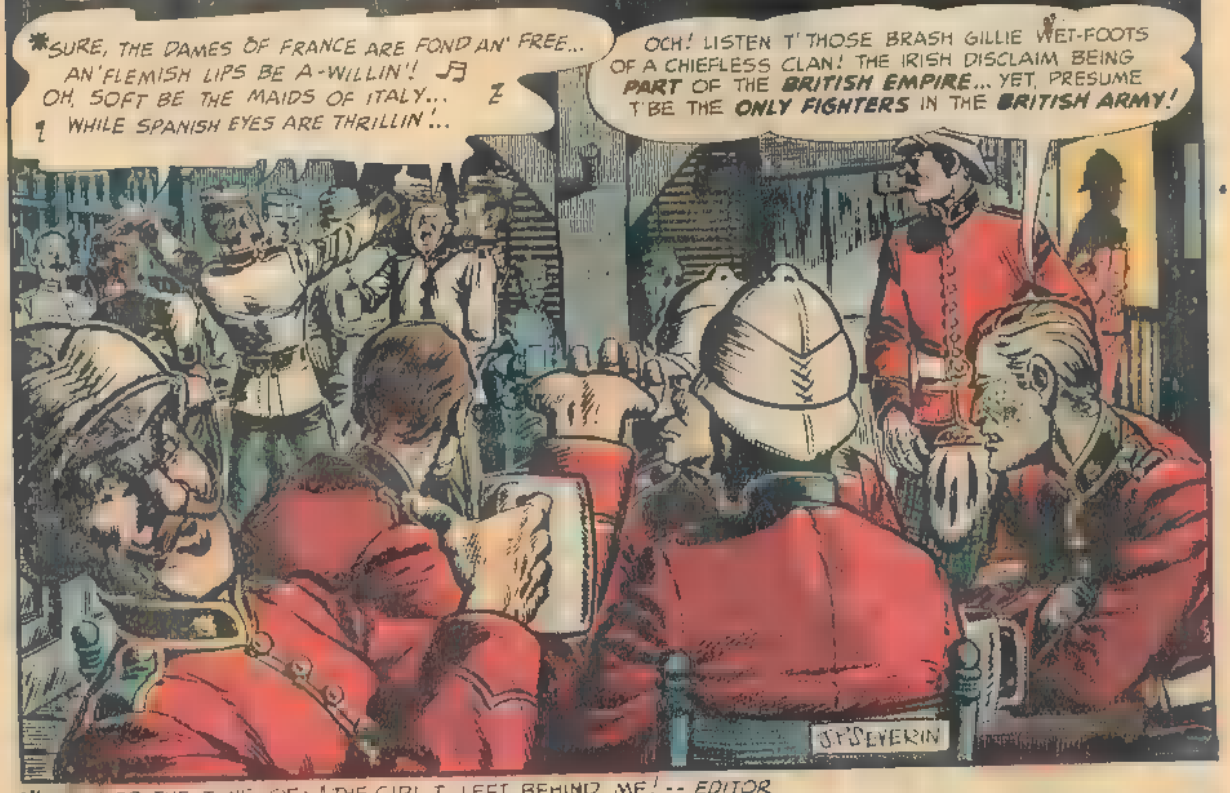
THEY'LL GIVE ME A BIG MEDAL, I KNOW! MAYBE GO WITH CUSTER TO WASHINGTON WHEN THEY MAKE HIM PRESIDENT! WHUT A LIFE!

I COULD-A BEEN KILLED... BUT MAN I STILL GOT MY PRETTY HAIR AN' MY LI' OL' CAVALRY HAT!

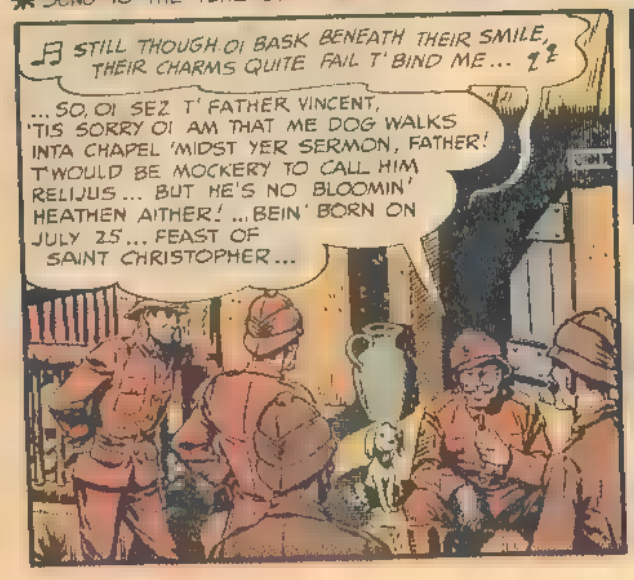
GUESS IT'S TIME I SHET UP! GOTTA TAKE ME ONE LONG PEACEFUL SLEEP!

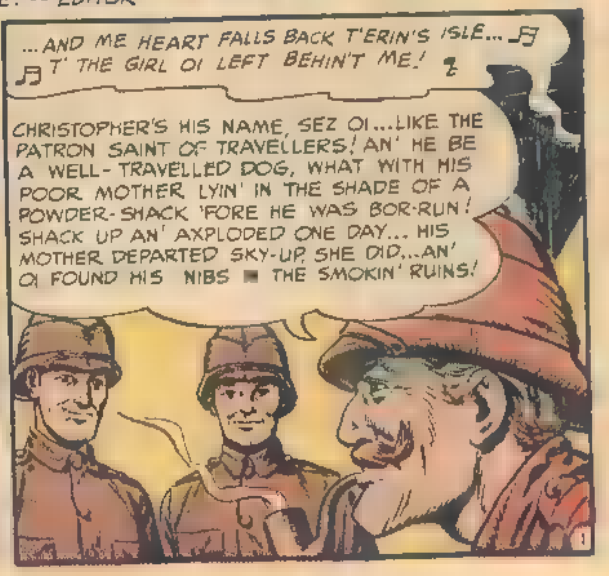
BEFORE CPL. BRIAN DEVLIN AND CPL. LACHLAN MacLEAN CAME OUT TO THE AFGHAN BORDER, THE SUN FOUGHT THE EARTH, AND WILD PATHAN PLAYED 'CAT N' BANJO' WITH THE BRITISH! THEN IRISH TROOPER AND SCOTTISH SOLDIER CLASHED... AND SGT. PADRAIG TUBRIDY WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF...

BELTS N' CELTS!

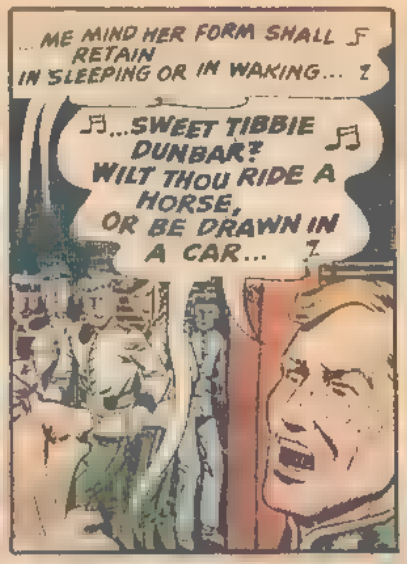


* SUNG TO THE TUNE OF: 'THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME!' -- EDITOR



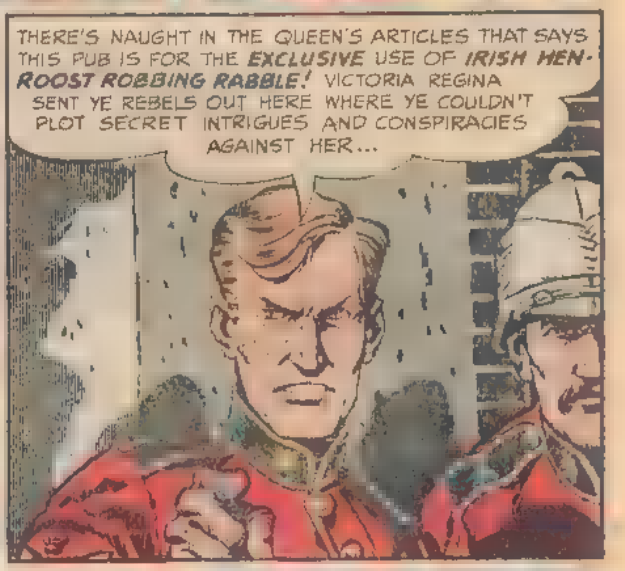


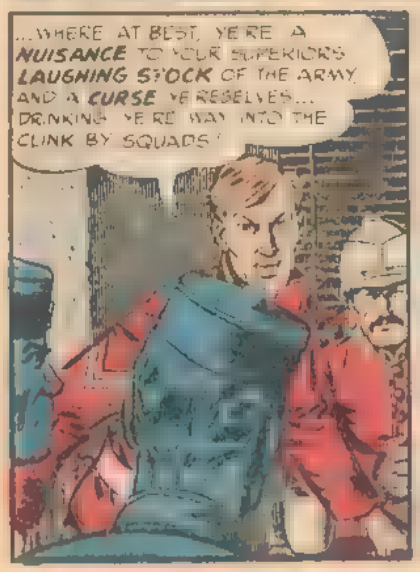
ME MIND HER FORM SHALL STILL RETAIN...
O WILT THOU GO WI' ME, SWEET TIBBIE DUNBAR? WILT THOU GO WI' ME...

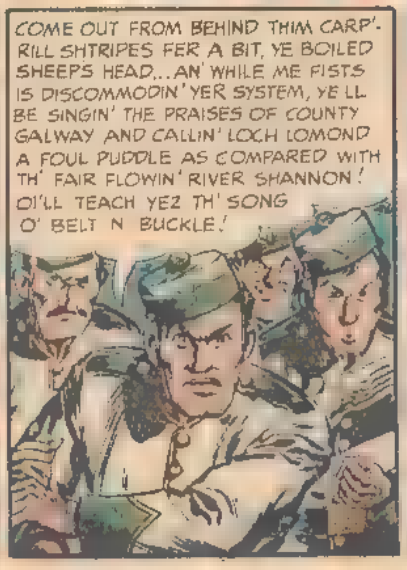

...ME MIND HER FORM SHALL RETAIN IN SLEEPING OR IN WAKING...
...SWEET TIBBIE DUNBAR? WILT THOU RIDE A HORSE, OR BE DRAWN IN A CAR...

...OR WALK BY MY SIDE, O SWEET TIBBIE DUNBAR!

FWAT DO YE INSOLENT BURR-SKREECHIN' SUBJECTS O' THE QUANE MEAN BY DISTURBIN' THE FROLIC O' HER MAJESTY'S ALLIES... WHICH WE BE!... WITH YER EAR-DEVASTATIN' HOWLIN'?


THERE'S NAUGHT IN THE QUEEN'S ARTICLES THAT SAYS THIS PUB IS FOR THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF IRISH HEN-ROOST ROBBING RABBLE! VICTORIA REGINA SENT YE REBELS OUT HERE WHERE YE COULDN'T PLOT SECRET INTRIGUES AND CONSPIRACIES AGAINST HER...


...WHERE AT BEST, YE'RE A NUISANCE TO YOUR SUPERIORS LAUGHING STOCK OF THE ARMY AND A CURSE YE REBELVES... DRINKING YE'RE WAY INTO THE CLINK BY SQUADS!


COME OUT FROM BEHIND THIM CARP'-RILL SHTRIPES FER A BIT, YE BOILED SHEEPS HEAD... AN' WHILE ME FISTS IS DISCOMMODIN' YER SYSTEM, YE'LL BE SINGIN' THE PRAISES OF COUNTY GALWAY AND CALLIN' LOCH LOMOND A FOUL PUDDLE AS COMPARED WITH TH' FAIR FLOWIN' RIVER SHANNON! OI'LL TEACH YEZ TH' SONG O' BELT N BUCKLE!

BELTS! BELTS! BELTS!
BELTS!

CAN

CA

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CA

'TIS SAID, "OPPOSE NOT RAGE WHILE RAGE IS ITS FORCE...

...BUT GIVE IT WAY A WHILE AND LET IT WASTE!"
TWEEEEEE!!

A SCORCHING DAY'S MARCH... AND TWO DAYS OF MANEUVERS LATER! FROSTY NIGHT FALLS ON TENTS NEAR GOKRALA PASS...

SUDDENLY, A FEW OF THE OUTLYING TENTS COLLAPSE AS TENT PINS ARE PULLED OR TENT ROPES ARE SLASHED...

SULLEN SUNRISE DOES NOT WAKE HIGHLANDERS SLEEPING UNDER KNIFE-RIPPED CANVAS... NOR DOES THE RAUCOUS BUGLE!

SEVEN GOOD MEN MURDERED WITHOUT AN OUTCRY! THE PAYTHANS HAVE LEFT THEIR BLOODY CALLING CARDS... AND CHALLENGE! WHEN THEY ATTACK, WE'LL MEET THEM ON OPEN GROUND... SO THEY CAN'T BOTTLE US IN THE PASS!

THE FANATIC AFGHANS HAVE NEVER BROKEN THE BRITISH SQUARE, LEFTENANT!
YES, SIRRR!

HIGHLANDERS! FORM SQUARE! DOUBLE RANKS!
AMMUNITION, MULES AND SUPPLIES... INSIDE SQUARE! QUICK TIME!

THE HIGHLANDER HAS SEEN HIS DEAD! THOSE GRINNING DEVILS OF THE NIGHT WILL BE SMILING IN SECTIONS ERE THIS DAY IS OUT!

THIS BEASTIE HAS THE DISPOSITION OF THAT GALWAY CORPORAL BACK AT THE FORT!
I'LL PIPE HIM INTO PLACE FOR YE!

SHOTS! OCH! WILL YE LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THOSE BLOOMIN' SCARE-CROWS!

FRONT RANK... PRE-SENT FIRE!
REAR RANK... PRE-SENT FIRE-RR!

FIRE BY SQUADS! FILL THOSE GAPS! CLOSE ORDER! CLOSE ORDER, MEN!

THEY TAKES MORE BLESSED LEAD THAN IS FITTING FOR ORDINARY CONSUMPTION!

IF YE WON'T TAKE HOT TIFFEN... TAKE IT COLD! CUT YE'RE WISDOM-TEETH ON THIS!

THEY ONLY HAVE US ON FOUR SIDES! HOLD FAST TO THE FIFTH SIDE, GORDONS... THE INSIDE!

WAR-RR... BLOODY WAR-RR! NORTH... SOUTH... EAST... WEST! I'LL DIE WITH A BLOOMIN' HEAT-RASH!
BUGLE!
GALLOPING SABRES... AND TUBRIDY IN A SADDLE!...

SLIANTE GAEL!
HAIL VICTORIA, THE QUANE!

LIF' THEM PAYTHANS BY THE BELLY-BANDS, HIGHLANDERS! THERE'S THE MAKIN'S AV A MOST CONVENIENT FIGHT HERE!

UP N' UNDER THE RIB-JINT, YE RAGGED ROCK-CRAWLER!

COME TO BID YE TH' TOP O' TH' MORNIN' CARPRILL MACLEAN!
TOOK YOUR TIME, IRISH SCUTT! COME BY WAY OF THE ARCTIC OCEAN?

YER PLAN SURE TAMED THIM FRISKY GALWAYS, SIR! THEY SPADED AND DUG SO FEROSHUS, OI FEARED THEY'D BURY THE WHOLE FORT... BASTIONS AND PARAPITS!

WHEN OI TOLD THIM THEY WAS T'JOIN THE HIGHLANDERS HERE, THEY WAS KEEN T'MOUNT UP AN' RIDE OUT AFTER THEIR HONOR AN' SILF-RESPECT!
THEY SAVED THE COMPANY, PADRAIG, THESE 'WAR GAMES' TURNED OUT TO BE A BIT REALISTIC!

BEGGING YER PARDON, SIRS! CARPRILL MACLEAN HAS TAKEN SLUG O' HAMMERED TELEGRAPH WIRE IN HIS ARM! JAGGED WOUND... POSSIBLE INFECTION! I THOUGHT...
WE'LL GIVE YOUR FRIEND IMMEDIATE MEDICAL ATTENTION, CORPORAL!

OI'M WILLIN' T'BUY YEZ A DRINK, CARPRILL... PERVIDIN' IT'S OIRISH WHISKEY!
COME ON, MON, I'LL BUY YOU A DRINK OF SCOTCH WHISKEY... FOR-R AULD LANG SYNE!

MUST OI CONVINCE YEZ ON TH' MERITS OF OIRISH WHISKEY, CARPRILL MACLEAN?
YE WOULDN'T ASSAULT A MON WI' A TRUSSED-UP ARM? LET'S WAIT FOR THE SERGEANT TO DECIDE... HE BEING A MON OF RARE TASTE!

AH! FWAT BE YE DRINKIN', SERGEANT?
OI FEEL LIKE TIPPLIN' A GENTLEMAN'S DRINK T'DAY... ELDERBERRY WINE WITH A DASH O' NUTMEG!

ME MIND HER FORM SHALL STILL RETAIN... IN SLEEPIN' OR IN WAKIN'... UNTIL OI SEE ME LOVE AGAIN FOR WHOM ME HEART IS BREAKIN.'

IF EVER OI SHOULD SEE THE DAY WHEN MARS SHALL HAVE RESIGNED ME... FOREVER MORE OI'LL GLADLY STAY... WITH TH' GIRL OI LEFT BEHINT ME!